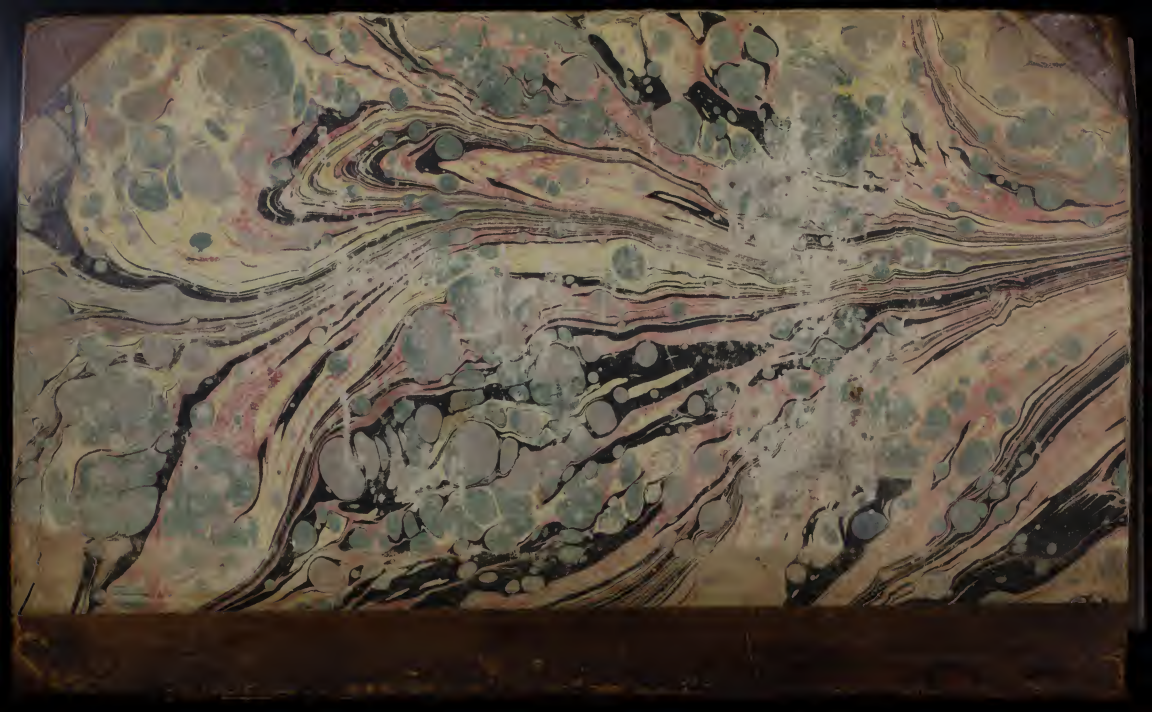
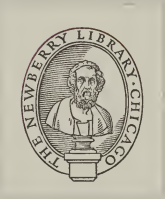


Louis H. Silver



U223

THE

1st Hang-Man's Lamentation;

OR, THE

Chancellour's Farewel.

22. April. 1689. Absolut on him.

HAve at the Blind *Harper's*, for once let us try,
To Sing a Poor *Chancellor's* Sad Destiny,
Bewayl'd by Three Kingdoms, without one wet Eye.
Then Farewel Jeffreys, *Old Boy* Jeffreys,
Ever and ever Farewel.

With *Popery* and *Slavery*, he Thriv'd *Cock-a-hoop*;
But when *Right*, *Law*, and *Gospel*, began to Look Up,
He got a *Consumption*, and dy'd of a *Droop*.
Then Farewel, &c.

To Die neither *Satan*, nor *Belzebub's* Debtors;
Some say he's but gon to Visit his Betters;
And to take up a Lodging for Old Father *Petre's*.
Then Farewel, &c.

Yes, the *Chancellour's* Dead, and would ye know why?
His Boys in the *West*, like *Goblins* stood by;
And with Bloody Pitch-forks, kill'd him Dead in the Eye.
Then Farewel, &c.

The Ghosts of his *Martyrs*, they made such a Stir there,
That Great *Russel's* Ghost, and *Cornish's* Murther,
E'en frighted his Soul, to the Devil and further.
Then Farewel, &c.

The sad Thought of *Hemp*, pierc'd him thoro' and thoro',
And to tell you the Truth, in meer Grief and Sorrow;
He e'en *Died* to Day, to save *Hanging* to Morrow.
Then Farewel, &c.

This Hector that once cou'd Roar, Swagger, and Bristle,
Our great Son of Thunder's, gon out like a Fizle;
And bids both the *Sheriffs*, and *Hangman* go Whistle,
Then Farewel, &c.

But to march off so sneaking, in troth was fowl play,
For his good Friends of *Holbourn*, as all People say,
Complain he has lost them a whole Holy-Day.
Then Farewel Jeffreys, *Old Boy* Jeffreys,
Ever and ever Farewel.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1689.

Chameleons Farewel.

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